

ter of many a town it is so to a greater degree, perhaps in the west than in the east. On the plains distances between population centers are greater, the ties of old family acquaintance are lessening, the fraternal order is the one thing that knows no barrier of wealth or position. The fact that many of the orders admit men and women to their membership on the same terms adds to the strength of the social claim; it also brings about odd situations.

"I am going downtown tonight," remarked a country town banker one evening to his wife. "The lodge meets this evening."

"That will leave me alone," was the response, "for Anna" (their one servant) "is going to lodge too."

"Yes," agreed the husband. "We belong to the same lodge."

This very equality brings about a comradeship that in the newer communities makes easier the ways of life. You have an employee in your office or store. He works with his coat off, and through the day you consider him but little. You do not ask his opinion or defer to his judgment. But on lodge night when you enter the portals—a lodge door, though it may admit only to the second floor of an unpainted frame building, is always a "portal"—you make your obeisance and mystic signs before a dignified potentate in robes of red and yellow whom you recognize as your employee.—C. M. Harger in Atlantic.

A DROP OF WATER.

It is a Midget World Teeming With Struggling Life.

In a single drop of unfiltered water may be seen in miniature the tragedy that goes on perpetually in the world at large, for in the little drop there is a whole universe of life, with all its terrible and death dealing competition, with all its mystery and woe.

It was a French biologist who invented the method by which this wonderful state of things is demonstrated. He called the method the "hanging drop slide," and it is beautifully simple. A drop of water from the edge of an ordinary pond is placed in a hollowed out space on a small strip of glass and sealed with a bit of thinner glass. And now day after day and night after night the hideous business going on in that one drop of perfectly clear and apparently pure water may be watched and studied at the leisure of the observer.

The drop of water is a world in itself. Multitudes of animals swim about in it with plenty of room. The giant worms with tremendous swishing tails, of whose approach one is made aware by the confusion and panic of the smaller creatures scurrying out of the way in fear of their lives, and countless bacteria inhabit that drop as their permanent and proper home and their ranging place.

Alcohol in Cold Weather.

A scientist thus explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in the polar regions: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. Alcohol is not turned into fuel in the muscle and nerve cells, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is therefore dangerous in the extreme cold because it assists the throwing off of heat in a great degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated red hot and then all the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbohydrates in the food; but, besides this, the indispensable production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of the food of men. In the tropics they eat little fat and much fruit, while the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion.

The Papal Tiara.

According to Brewer, the tiara of the pope is a composite emblem. The primary meaning is purity and chastity, the foundation and lining of the crown being of the finest linen. The gold band denotes supremacy. The first cap of dignity was adopted by Pope Damascenus II. in 1048. The cap was surmounted with a high comet in 1205 by Boniface VIII. The second coronet was added in 1333 by Benedict XII. to indicate the prerogatives of spiritual and temporal power combined in the papacy. The third coronet is indicative of the Trinity, but it is not known who first adopted it. Some say Urban V., others John XXII., John XXIII. or Benedict XII.

Gulielmus and the Devil.

Gulielmus Parisiensis, the author of one of the most famous works on demonology, figures on what he terms "a basis of exact computation" to prove that "the regions of the air, the caverns and dark places of the earth" are inhabited by 44,435,000 devils. Where on earth this visionary writer obtained the material upon which to base such an "exact computation" has been an enigma to all of the later writers on demonology, witchcraft and kindred subjects.

Divided.

Helen, a little girl of four years, came to her mother with a look of pain on her face and said, "Mamma, I have two bad headaches."

"Two headaches?" said her mother.

"How can that be?"

"Well, I have one above each eye," Judge.

The roots of the yucca are extensively used as a substitute for soap in many parts of Mexico and Central America.—New York Times.

he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practiced at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this moment he rose to cross examine. 'Why J. Parker Green?' What did the J. stand for? John? Well, why didn't the witness call himself John P. Green? That was his name, wasn't it? Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal, and, if not, why did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?"

And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson said, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and intonations of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he went through the changes upon the man's name, and at the recess, the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

THE GNU IS A PUZZLE.

It Seems to Be a Cross Between the Horse, Cow and Deer.

Did you ever hear of a horned horse? It is called the gnu and is a native of South Africa. The gnu is a puzzle. We have called it a horse, but it is more like a cow. It really seems to be a cross between the horse, the cow and the deer. It has the head and horns of a cow, the tail, the mane and withers of the horse and the legs of a deer. Altogether the gnu is one of the most singular creatures on earth.

The gnu inhabits the hilly districts of South Africa, roaming all over the country in vast herds. As far as travelers have yet penetrated it is found, and it is fortunate that it is so, for the flesh of the gnu forms excellent food. They are, however, extremely wild, and, being very quick in their movements, are difficult to shoot. Upon the first alarm, the whole herd scamper away in single file, following a leader. When seen from a distance they look like a troop of horses.

Their speed is very great, and when first disturbed they do not exert it, but kick out their heels and begin butting at anything that comes in their way, exhibiting the greatest fury. Unless hard pressed they seldom show fight, but when brought to bay they will defend themselves desperately. They dart forward upon their enemy with great fury, and unless he remains cool and collected he probably will not escape.

A Ghost Story.

Under the date of March 6, 1806, the Annual Register tells how a butcher of Stretford, in Lancashire, had disappeared during a then recent flood and how rumors spread that an apparition had been seen near a certain local pool of water. Some gave it the form of an uncanny dog, others that of an equally mysterious man who uttered blood curdling yell, and it was told that, even when nothing was seen, cattle refused to drink at the pond, and horses trembled as they passed it. At last a town meeting decided to pump the pool dry. It was done, and there, sure enough, was the butcher.—London Chronicle.

Birds' Names.

There are some odd names for game birds on the Chesapeake. A small sky spipe that flies with a twittering noise is called the horsefoot spipe because of its fondness for the horsefoot or horseshoe crab. It is called also the turnstone from its habit of overturning pebbles in search of food. The telltale spipe bears that name because it always sounds a note of alarm at the sight of a gunner. Chesapeake gunners believe that a single telltale can clear a whole region of game birds. The widgeron is locally called the bald pate, and the witter is so called because of its cry—will-will-willet.

Our First Savings Bank.

The first savings bank established in the United States was in Philadelphia, which opened Dec. 2, 1816. It is said that the first deposit made in this bank was the sum of 3 shillings, handed over the counter by a boy. The bank was entitled "The Savings Fund Society of Philadelphia." The first bank of this kind, established in New York was chartered Nov. 25, 1816, and went into business July 3, 1819.

Not to Be Neglected.

Mrs. Ellis—Here is a letter I want you to post, dear. It is to my milliner, commanding an order for a hat. Mr. Ellis—Here, take this bit of cord and tie both my hands behind my back, so that I won't forget it.

Debuted.

The difference between a speculation and an investment is that it is a speculation when you lose.—Washington Post.

The Clock and the Man.

When a clock is fast you can always turn it back, but it's different with a young man.—New York Times.

there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separating him from his patients, and assuming them to be such prescribers his pills and potions. In reality, there are only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For over-worked, "worn-out," run-down, debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, shop girls, housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve medicine "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional or organic disease of the nerves. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Billiard rooms sometimes cost \$50.00 to furnish. The tables and cues are made of ivory and gold.

Certaintwines—Schloss Johannesburg, for instance, stamped with the crest of Prince Butterfield—are sold at private sales to millionaires for \$40 and \$50 a bottle.

Automobiles of ninety or more horsepower, made to order, will cost from \$30,000 to \$40,000. Some millionaires keep a dozen or more automobiles, with a head chauffeur at \$4,000 or \$5,000 a year salary and two or three assistants at \$25 a week each.

Then there is the ocean going yacht, which cannot be maintained in the most modest way at a smaller annual expenditure than \$25,000.—New York Press.

A PESSIMIST'S QUESTIONS.

Why is it that a cleaning of windows is the signal for a rainstorm?

Why is John always late the night the cook is out and visitors are expected in the evening?

And why, oh, why, do visitors always come the one afternoon in the week when one is not dressed to receive them?

Why does a woman think she has so much bitter taste than her richer neighbor, she but had as much money to gratify it?

Why is it that a leak in the pipe is always discovered Saturday afternoon, when a plumber cannot be found until Monday morning?

Why is it that when one has made a purchase he sees ten minutes later something else which would have been better or cheaper or more becoming?—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE ENGLISH POLICE.

In the conduct of the police department in an English city we find a striking comparison with our American notion of police work. In Manchester, as in London, the policeman is always a servant of the public. As in London, he carries neither club nor revolver. His duties are very nearly the same as those of a New York office. It is in his method of doing his work that the striking difference lies. He is always quiet, always neatly, always respectfully, even deferential, in his treatment of the public. So overbearing manners as we sometimes see in New York policemen would not be tolerated in Manchester, or London, for that matter.—Suoces.

Origs. of "Chaufer."

There were chaffeurs long before automobiles. History tells us that about the year 1736 men strangely accoutered, the faces covered with soot and their eyes carefully disguised, entered by night farms and lonely habitations and committed all sorts of depredations. They paraded their victims, dragging them before a great fire, where they burned the spires of their feet and detailed information as to the whereabouts of their money and jewels; hence they were called "chaffeurs," a name which frightened so much our great grandmothers.—Paris Figaro.

Mad Love.

Welcome to the parents the puny straggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms so irresistible that the soldier's kiss is touched with persuasion which Othello and Pericles in vainhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, in his beauty, the sobbing child, the facili liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation, soften all hearts to pity and to mournful and clamorous consolation.—Emerson.

Moral: Presentations.

"Now, Lestz said the old codger, addressing his blawh nephew in an admonitory tone, it is as proper that you should pay fiddler as it is to liquidate any debt, but it's a fine exhibition extra width betwixt the eyes to give the fiddler's price before the damsel goes."—Puck.

Use your gift faithfully and they shall be yours. Practice what you know and you'll attain to higher knowledge.—Ainsworth.

STATE OF WILLIAM A. FRANCIS.

STATE OF GEORGE E. BRUNNELL.

Pursuant to the order of George E. Brunnell,

Surrogate of the County of Essex, this day

made, on the application of the undersigned,